

A Monthly Review

APPROACH

Man in Life and Space

Editor: Edgar Sievers

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CONTENT - AND WHERE IT COMES FROM

LIVING in these our times of restlessness and confusion the individual may very well ask what the chances are: must I be as forelorn and confused as others are? Must I suffer whatever plight I see so many others suffer from? Must I "toe" the general line in every respect, conform to all the silly and passing ideas, the despicable dictates of the day? Am I doomed to ruin and frustration in my career, in my marriage, in private or business affairs? Will I also inevitably be smitten by one or the other of those unpronounceable maladies from arteriosclerosis to coronary thrombosis - all of which were as frequent in other times, though doing their rounds under different names and as little understood as today? How will I fare in old age, where will I be? And finally, how will I die? With a full life's worth behind me or cast aside unsung, one more pebble kicked to the edge of the road?

People sprint down every conceivable avenue in their hope to find an answer - just around the next corner. From hypnotism to tea leaf reading, from "How to make Friends" to numerology, and from Clubs for the Lonely to some "science" of this or that - surely, somewhere there must lie the remedy that will bring security, stability, inner certainty?

Well, whatever the path pursued, unless it leads forth to knowledge of the universal law, it is no good. There is no remedy other than within and from the Law, which governs all things seen and unseen.

In one of its divisions it says that whatever we are, whatever we are experiencing - all is self-produced, created by our inner Selves before. It says that we are working now on the very image of what one day we shall be. So with whatever we meet, we have had a 'hand' in it already! Consequently, our thinking & deeds of today will shape us into what we are to be tomorrow. As our earlier thinking & doing prepared the thorny path we are treading now, it is best to bear with courage whatever there catches up with us. And where we cannot be happy & content with ourselves today, let us work now for the greater measure of contentment in a tomorrow!

"Content" is derived from the Latin 'continere'. It means: to hold, to keep together, to not let fall apart. To be content then is to keep your Whole together, to not dissipate your thoughts & energies and to strive for the healthy integration of All that you are - body, mind and soul.

It is well that world leaders meet for discussions. The method is right. Unfortunately however, neither East nor West in men or political philosophies can show us that one moral strength which alone promises results. Mr K's showmanship and wisecracks of today ill accord with his tyrannical Ukrainian career & a Wall Streetian, Hollywoodian America convinces nobody that Peace be a thing to be ranked before sex & capital.

The present 64000 dollar question has been how to deal with an undesirable character after you have invited him into your home! The U.S.A. have failed to present a good example. For ever it has little understood the atmosphere of Europe & certainly never the Russian soul! From Yalta on it has been no match for the Russians. To this day, the Yanks have nothing to show that would impress a Bolshevik, & so we shall soon enough hear what Mr K really thinks of them. Nobody should then be surprised at the vehemence with which the Scoundrel there will run down the Profiteer here, the irony being of course that he, though no better, yet will be right.

Peace cannot be won by a spirit as that prevalent in the West, still less by that of the East - for its foundations are moral stature & integrity, not money, serfdom or moon rockets!

A SCENE FROM THE BEGINNINGS ON THIS PLANET

by Dr. T. Lobsang Rampa

THIS SHORT account by the author of "The Third Eye" and "Doctor from Lhasa", reproduced without changes and as received from him, describes an episode in the beginnings of this planet and its own humanity. Earthlings are partly 'natives' of this, partly such of other stars, inhabiting their 'mother country' for some, and a colony, for others. There exists an occult tradition that there was a premature attempt to bring the Light or the Fire, or higher mind and reason, to this planet. Bondage, frustration and suffering were the consequences. We are unable to say how far, where or even if at all to-day's sketch may have a bearing on that tradition. No matter whether or not this account, taken at face value, appears to be "strong meat" - as the author characterized it in his accompanying letter - it is published in keeping with APPROACH's policy as contribution by one who has shown that he knows what he is talking about.

Our readers will remember the author's previous account for us of his flight to another world (Vol. I, Nos. 4 & 5). In contrast, the experience related here was on a different journey when they were taken along in a round space craft - obviously of tremendous size - and when a different Hall, viz. that of Memories and not as then, the Hall of Knowledge, had been the place where the present information was given.

"EARTH seemed such a dull, monotonous place after our trip to another world, after all that we had seen and experienced and learned. Upon our return to Lhasa we were called in to have an audience of the Inmost One to whom we gave in some detail our experiences. I, possibly because I was the most talkative, was chosen to be the spokesman, and what I told Him at that interview was this:-

We were taken to the Hall of Memories where we were bade to be rested. We sat in the lotus

position upon low embroidered stools and we settled our robes around us. Then a grave elder rose to his feet and pointed to a shimmering curtain which hung before us, a curtain of a substance which was quite alien to our experience, a curtain which shimmered, which changed colours from smoky white to dull rose, and on through blues and greens and yellows.

The elder spoke: "My friends from a young planet, you are about to see the evolution of your world and how evil befell

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those who were trying to guide you, and which led your planet into disaster, into its present unfortunate situation. Do not be afraid of what you will see, because what you will see here is a simulacrum, a reconstruction in living form of the Akashic Record⁺, the Record of all time which portrays all that everyone has ever done, the Record which can be seen at any time by those who have the skill and the training. We have gone before that, we from that Record can produce for you in solid form the actual events as they occurred, but speeded up, speeded up to the speed of thought itself."

With that he turned slightly sideways and raised his hand. The shimmering of the curtain increased, and then it disrupted and vanished into nothing. Before us was the dark of outer space, darkness punctuated by gleaming points of light - reds and blues, greens and yellows, all the colours of the visible spectrum, for in space the planets and the stars are not as they are seen upon earth blanketed by dirt in the atmosphere and vague blueish or yellowish splotches. Instead they show in their various colours, the true red of Mars, and the blue of Venus, and the silver of Saturn with the gleaming yellow rings around, the rings which are little worlds and the dust of worlds. We gazed, and before our startled gaze appeared an almost intangible cloud. Into our perceptions the directed thoughts of the elder appeared:

⁺Akasha, in Brahmanical scriptures; with Northern Buddhists: Swabhav t, the fifth essence or cosmic element, also called aether in its higher aspects. The primeval spirit-substance, the reservoir of Being and of beings. Universally Space, or rather one of its 'root' energies, in the Old Testament called 'the waters'. Creative as well as impressible (Records!) from which the trained mind can gather historic information and which, in advanced stages of technical development, can also be tapped mechanically.

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"My friends, you are not yet of sufficient scientific stature to fully appreciate all this, but before you is the cloud of helium ions which first formed earth."

The cloud swirled on and on and became denser. Gradually it seemed to turn ovoid in shape, the surface was much smaller than the original cloud had been, but it seemed to be rippling, almost plastic surfaced, a surface not yet hardened, like the disturbed mud in some shallow lake. Not a sound broke the silence as we watched. Before our eyes the ovoid became more and more solid. Gone now was the brazen glitter which had first encompassed it, and instead it was blueish with patches of deep green. We knew that we were seeing the cooling of that hurtling mass, cooling so that it was capable of supporting life, and then as we watched we saw the first signs of struggling life appear.

Queer things moved in the waters, the waters which covered almost the whole of that world. Gradually lands appeared, they grew firmer and firmer, vegetation appeared, and in isolated spots lonely little clusters of shaggy humanoid creatures could be discerned, creatures who were so savage, so unevolved, that they did not even know the use of stone or sticks. Suddenly off to the left, far out in space, we saw some gleaming shapes hardly discernible at first, just points of brightness. They grew larger and we could make out faint details. "Why", I thought, "these things are very like the ship on which we came to this planet."

We watched fascinated, awed. Swiftly the round spheres approached the planet we now know as earth. For a number of times they circled round the earth surveying, observing and no doubt conversing by some means. Then three of the space ships descended and landed. There was a little swirl of dust and the machines settled. For a very short time nothing happened, then a door opened in each, and men, human men, came out, human men, but these men were bigger than the

present day earth men - these men were giants, ten, twelve, perhaps fifteen feet tall. They were dark bronze colour, and they had conical shaped heads. Very rapidly before our eyes they unloaded equipment and set up an encampment. For days or so it seemed to us, we watched them, we watched them make excursions out into the jungles & forests. We saw also that those strange shaggy creatures watched the 'men from the skies', watched them from the security of bushes and trees. In time these savage brute-like humans of earth were induced to come and mingle with the men from the skies. They were taught by kindness a rudimentary form of civilization, they were shown how to use fire, shown how to chop flints, to make axes with which to cut wood. We watched them build rude huts of branches, and hollow holes in the side of hills within which they then dwelt.

But then as we watched we saw a mysterious group of women in the bushes, in a thicket. They were whispering together, we could see their lips move but of course their speech could not be heard by us, instead we were aware telepathically of all they were saying. One elderly woman was especially vociferous in her discussion.

"Sisters", she said, "our men are enslaved by these Gods of the skies. Before they came we controlled, now the men stay away from us, they stay hovering around the camp fires of the Gods. Now they neglect us, we have lost our power over them!"

There was muttering and discussion, then they came to a decision; they would tell their men, their mates, that the Gods had attacked them and that they had forced the women to be their play things. They decided, too, that they would steal from the Gods a black and silver box from whence came voices and sounds, for, as they thought, within that box was a greater God for when he spoke the other Gods rushed to obey, and when they spoke to him they spoke with deference and showed great concern.

Later we saw them whispering to their men, we saw the black looks of the men and the ugly scowls as they looked towards the camp. Days rolled on, and as the earth before us turned and turned we saw growing dissatisfaction among the subhuman race. Then at one daybreak we saw great turmoil with blood upon the ground, there were bodies, bodies with shattered heads and broken limbs. During the night the sub-humans of earth had stolen the weapons of the Gods and had put into force the plans of the women. The men of earth had assiduously cultivated the Gods, and watched them and noticed how they handled their weapons, and now those weapons had been used against their original owners. Most of the Gods were dead, very few escaped unarmed and helpless into the wilds around the camp.

The black and silver box was placed on a high altar and shown great reverence. Voicos came out of that box growing more and more impatient, more and more concerned, until at last they grew fainter and fainter and then it spake no more. Gradually the brightness became dull and the blackness became faded, and in time the box was lost.

The elder directed our attention away from the earth, and as he did so another planet appeared swimming in space, turning, glowing, pulsating with life and vitality. We seemed to be falling upon it and as we got closer and closer we saw magnificent cities, with high towers and bridges of skilled craftsmanship between those towers. We saw great towers with crystal globes many many feet in diameter. We went on down, down into an underground room and there we saw great scientists bending over instruments, watching screens. One eventually turned to another and we got his thought: "No, there is no reply. Something has happened, we have lost our colony."

I watched it all on the screen, I watched the outcome of this black treachery, and my heart was heavy within me when I thought that there was still treachery and evil on earth.

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I thought, too, of the age-old dispute between men and women, the rivalry, the petty dislikes, the thought that one or the other was inferior; so I thought, this is what caused it and this is why so many religions regard woman as different.

The thoughts of the elder broke in upon me. "You have seen", he said, "how we tried to colonize earth, how we tried to bring culture and enlightenment to earth, but man upon earth is not yet ready for our help. Man upon earth is treacherous, he is not yet ready to reach to the stars. We will watch, and we will preserve him from his folly, because he is like a child playing with fire. When the time is ripe we will come again, but that time is not yet."

With that the vision before us faded and we got to our feet full of what we had seen. We were led out to the apartments which had been allotted to us, & upon the morning of the following day we were led again to the space ship and returned sorrowing to earth.

APPROACH's BOOK ORDER SERVICE has available at the moment one copy (postage incl.) each of:- Rampa, The Third Eye 20/-; Williamson, Secret Places of the Lion 22/-; Jessup, UFO and the Bible 25/-. This last title is out of print & hard to come by! Approach - September, 1959

A Point, a Theme and my Angle:

LET'S GO INTO UFO BUSINESS!

THE HON. Brinsley le Poer Trench, editor of the London "Flying Saucer Review" has resigned for private & health reasons. - Little might he have known what he had let himself in for when he took over the job from able Derek Dempster 3 years ago! Through difficult times FSR has grown into UFO field's outstanding publication! No finer tribute can be paid to Trench than is contained in this fact alone!

Flying Saucer Services Ltd., the publishers, are to be commended for appointing Waveney Girvan as successor. There are few men in UFOlogy as staunch & active, brilliant & detached as the author of 'Flying Saucers & Common Sense'. I have no doubt that he will begin to write a new chapter into UFOlogy if not from its research then definitely from its publicity angle.

Dear UFO friends all over the world: why should we let it go at that? Why not try at last to reach some unity of purpose and centralization of activity! Efforts in UFOlogy are carried on with a tremendous amount of repeating & double work, with extraordinary dissipation of forces! Three points hamper progress in our attempt to solve the Saucer riddle for the world: (1) the wastage in energy through lack of coordination; (2) lack of funds (all work has been by private initiative, enthusiasm & sacrifice); (3) absence of a workable denominator acceptable to all the current concepts in UFOlogy! The mere fact of the "appearance of UFO's" has not

had any binding force in Saucerdom. The tendency toward division is much too strong by reason of the many theories, interpretations, claims and opinions possible.

There exist hundreds of groups throughout the world, all doing the same job, all dedicated in varying degrees to the same principles. The number of UFO publications, all discussing & re-discussing the same subjects, all publishing & re-re-publishing the same reports and facts, must be close to a hundred! Also, there have been scores of groups, bureaux, organisations coming and going, with members loosing interest. No wonder, as UFOlogy is neither pastime, fad or sport, nor a religion but a vast subject for study & learning. There are quite a few fields of knowledge which have to be re-examined in the light of the UFO question, the most important of course being human history on this planet. The obvious thing then to do would be to create a platform for the leading minds in UFOlogy to work from, unhampered & untroubled.

We should be able to call a suitable World Headquarters our own, toward the maintenance of which our pragmatic efforts could be directed while in return it would provide groups, individuals with desired information, documentary evidence, the necessary materials and moneys for studies & research. It is imperative that such an independent, soundly & realistically run centre should exist (nor is this an original idea of mine)!

By contrast look at Maj Keyhoe's organisation, NICAP'S plight. With men of highest repute & outstanding careers on its board, it has yet been fighting a financial battle for sheer survival. No matter what one may think of Keyhoe or NICAP'S policies, I feel there is general agreement that UFOlogy can hardly afford either the loss of Keyhoe nor the quiet vanishing of yet another group that has done such a lot to keep UFO research under the world's nose. On the other hand, in the West of the USA, Gabriel Green of Los Angeles has succeeded by force of personality & untiring drive to rope handfuls of groups into the "Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, Inc." - a remarkable achievement! Many may not like the psychic approaches of Green, others may doubt in what further form such Amalgamation can be of benefit to UFOlogy. But whatever the angle, it is our duty today to consider without prejudice whether or not there cannot be found a plane of activity acceptable to each & everyone interested in Flying Saucers! It should be possible to establish a neutral centre in which all the different movements, leanings, theories, ideas, shades & directions, approaches & opinions in Saucerdom can be anchored, all working toward one end yet remaining independent like the spokes in a wheel! At the moment, there is no approach acceptable to all, otherwise world-wide unification would long have been achieved.

It appears THAT THERE IS a form which would allow for detachment from the diversity in approa-

ches yet could work for all of them! This is by way of our financial system - and so long as it lasts! WHY NOT BEAT THIS MONEY-MAKING WORLD THAT DID NOT WANT TO LISTEN TO US, WITH ITS OWN METHODS? Why not create for us a sound financial basis first & then go on with the 'attack'? Business is a word understood even by those who take no interest in Fl.Saucers (until the facts accomplish one day will force them to) & Business Success a key that opens locked doors, governmental & otherwise! SO LET US BECOME INDIVIDUAL & CORPORATE SHAREHOLDERS IN OUR OWN BUSINESS! I don't speak of flying saucer ash-trays & like rubbish, but of business on an ethically appropriate level! We object to individuals making money out of the Saucer question, so let us elevate the issue by making use of the economical system toward the benefit of the WHOLE CAUSE generally.

I don't know what 'Services' in "Flying Saucer Services Ltd." stands for unless it was to give us the Flying Saucer Review. Well now, let them take the lead & work out plans for a real Fl.S. Service on a world-wide scale! Let us handle UFO publishing, wholesale book trade, photo, documentary, tape & other information services centrally! Let us bolster up FS Review into a top-class magazine able to hold its own with any of the top-class publications in this world! Let us pay handsomely those who do the donkey work in our own clearing house, then let us plough all profits back into an INTERNATIONAL UFO RESEARCH INSTITUTE, working on the broadest possible lines! Don't you think a letter or Memorandum from such a body to UNO will not as easily be tossed aside by any national press as they do with first rate sightings? And there are many other advantages!

Thus let us lay a foundation now & really turn UFOlogy into an influential force toward the Good of Man - and I wonder whether such concentrated effort will not also attract the attention and cooperation of our Visitors from other Worlds!